

names of the past as mental illness goes untreated and rips apart families at the seams.

It's utter fowl play.

## Chapter 4 by SaintSayaka

But we can take back what was once ours. We can cure society's ills under the chemistry-laden

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## Chapter 6 by Tricia L



"Ready your deep fryers, me lads, for we shall fight the chickens, those feathery fiends, with some eggs, flour, cornmeal, and a whole lot of hot, fiery **VENGEANCE!**"

The troops rallied under a war flag that depicted a graphic scene of a a hen and her brood burning alive. They marched in no pattern, but march they did as they haphazardly made their way to the chickens' headquarters. Bubbling grease splashed out of fryers as the humans walked, but they stamped out the flames made by the grass and the oil. Behind them, they left a scarred landscape, which would later serve as a testament to the peril the chickens would soon face.

"Chickens! You have met your makers! We will eat your CHILDREN as you watch, then FEAST upon your remains and decorate our homes with your entrails as various forms of drapery!"

Out of the grain silo walked a solitary rooster.

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